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Too Many Cooks?

AT THE CLOSING session of his party's (the M.R.P.) district congress, Premier Robert Schumann's proposal of a three power settlement, which suggests a French adhesion to Bizonia and an acceptance of a Western Germany, is one surprising result of continued Soviet pressure on the Allies in Berlin's "war of face." In two years, 1945-1947, the United States and Britain have spent over one billion dollars in keeping the German people alive. The French have spent nothing. The six million people in their zone have been self-supporting, and have also supported, according to neutral observers in the summer of 1947, some 160,000 Frenchmen, of whom 11,000 are officials, and 40,000 their dependents.

In 1946 Germany was already fourth among exporters to France, with a total, figured in francs, equal to the last pre-war year's imports! The Russians, reticent about figures, still do not seem to find their part of Germany the helpless burden we find ours. It may be that the French, Belgians, Netherlands and Luxemburg, who all have objections to the creation of a German state, are feeling that each nation's share of Germany is what they make of it, and that cuts from the same animal are distinguished largely by the culinary skill bestowed on them.

Mid-South Expansion Drive

MEN familiar with promotion programs of various American chambers of commerce—city, state and regional—can find many familiar facets in the current campaign of Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi utilities to attract new enterprises to their industrially-undeveloped region. Labor is plentiful and loyal; only 1 percent of the workers there went on strike at one time or other in 1946 as compared with 15 percent the nation over. (In fact unionization there is slow primarily because of racial tensions.) Nothing is cheaper than water transport and this "Middle South" is bisected by the Father of Waters and fronts on the world trade gateway of the Gulf of Mexico. Raw materials are aplenty—especially timber, cotton, oil and natural gas (Louisiana), bauxite, rice, sugar cane and tung nuts. The soil is rich and well-watered. Taxes are low. In short, a prospective paradise for many an enterprising industrialist.

Moreover it is an area which is on an economic upswing. More than 3,000 new factories were set up there during the war. And since 1940 increases in such meaningful indexes as bank resources, farm income and "buying income" have increased at a greater pitch than the national figures for these categories. To give the economically true dimensions of this glowing picture it must also be said that the per capita figures for wealth, income or educational expenditures, to cite only three significant categories, are well down in the national list. In other words hardly exemplifying at present the American ideal of the abundant life.

Is there anything particularly significant about this regional promotion with its many familiar features? Or is it simply a little more spectacular than other similar efforts?

Seldom have American businessmen presented so grandiose a regional project. The start of it all is to be heavy investment in new turbines, generators, power lines and other electrical facilities. But the utilities scheme has broadened out to enlist a number of the area's public health, educational, agricultural, transportation and commercial-industrial leaders. Prospective industrial settlers have asked so many questions about schools, churches and recreational facilities that the electric power executives have arrived at a remarkably broad concept of regional development. This has hardly advanced a step beyond the big talk stage, but it is hardly likely that the

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experts who have signed up to make it a reality will be content to remain mere names on an imposing letterhead.

Inevitably the TVA comes to mind. Not that it exerts any direct political pressure in these days of the new conservatism. It remains, however, as a major operating model of river valley development in the interest of all the people in a region. And so it is curious that TVA's most bitter adversary, public utilities, should take the lead in initiating a somewhat similar undertaking in the lower Mississippi Valley. Can we look forward to the day when the argument over public power facilities has so shifted that the dispute is whether a regionally autonomous public authority or the collaboration of local business and professional groups can do a development job better?

The Middle South drive seems to stem principally from two regional anxieties of a nation-wide import. These three states are dependent in large measure on the maintenance of present farm commodity prices. That will not be prolonged indefinitely. Also this area is experiencing technological change in its most acute form. Already the cotton fields of the Mississippi Delta are dusted by plane, weeded by flame-thrower and increasingly harvested by cotton pickers, each one of which takes the place of 50 pairs of hands. There are over three million workers available in the area, only one-tenth of them employed at present in manufacturing plants. At the current rate of agricultural mechanization it is estimated that within two years only half today's total of farm workers will be needed there. From this angle it would seem that the all-out Mid-South development project is born of desperation.

At the same time a certain gradual readjustment is taking place in the relationships between the races. Mr. Truman's insistence on civil rights for all, the growth, if slow, of unionism, the agitation for federal aid to the local schools and the increasing number of Southern "liberals" bent on finding acceptable interracial formulae are having their effect. Life in the South is undergoing changes of a major sort. After decades of wasting of natural resources and human exploitation, a great potential still exists in such still predominantly raw material-producing areas (with a colonial economic status) as these three states of the Middle South. If the broad prospectus cited here does get beyond the slogan stage, the results could be incalculable.

Segregation in Planning

ON APRIL 8th in New York City, seven sponsoring organizations and fifty-one "co-sponsors" (from Avenue of the Americas Association to Yorkville Planning and Housing Conference) successfully worked our "a one-day citizens' conference on city planning." Although professional city and regional "planners" appear to believe pessimistically that a general reaction to war controls, to the old New Deal, and to communist threats currently depresses public interest and sympathy in town and country planning, the success of this conference, and parallel activities across the country, definitely argue the other way. There is tremendous latent interest in regional planning, and efforts like the Citizen's Conference easily expose it. The interest and the efforts are unorganized, unoriented, separated, segregated; and that is symbolically very right because that is exactly the challenge of city, town and country living which planning must try to meet.

If these fifty-eight different civic and planning organizations manage to communicate among themselves more creatively in the future, that will be a great gain. If the professionals involved, the planners who perhaps too self-consciously are developing a career, succeed in breaking barriers to the public so that there will be proper communication back and forth between citizen and public servant, the gain will be very great. Gradually the objectives—the wisdom—of regional planning could be argued and understood, and false issues might fall away and some useful work get done.

It is surprising how little those interested in planning in America talk about the city they are finally looking for. It shall have sanitary housing, parks and very speedy traffic, but that evidently is not enough to raise enthusiasm among the populace. The problem, of course, is philosophical, reaching into religion, and so is considered embarrassing. Very likely, also, the American city will not have a fully confident and satisfying spirit and style and unity until the final metaphysical objectives are taken for granted and operating unconsciously very surely even though very seldom expressed clearly and comprehensively in words. Still, some partial statement of tentative purposes is possible. The citizens have to argue out their objectives to a somewhat higher level than simply elevated express highways.

The question of segregation came up in several other ways during the New York conference, indirectly and directly. By playing on the word, you could bring up almost any idea debated in the field of planning. The most obvious kind of segregation—racial segregation in a neighborhood or in a housing project—was not debated, it is to be hoped, but not too sanguinely, because everyone there opposed such segregation. Segregation by economic and social class, which is fostered by current public and quasi-public housing, as well as by private urban and suburban real estate operations and habits, was inconclusively attacked in the suburbs and not defended out loud. Segregation by occupation is another kind which must be judged by planners, and the basic

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segregation of production from consumption. It appeared to be taken for granted that city areas devoted to work, to recreation and to "living" (whatever that rump concept means) should be segregated. At the same time, the traffic problem was separately deplored. There are many more segregations that leap to attention, obviously, in an atomized age. And the burden of proving them good should always be upon their defenders. As the segregation of the planner from the citizen is overcome, it is a problem with a top priority for solution.

Murder in Bogota

I WILL GET ROUND to the murders in Bogotá, but there is no hurry because we have been told practically nothing about them, and all we can do is ask a few questions; all we have been told is that the Communists caused the riots, or, if they did not cause them, exploited them, and Secretary Marshall says "this situation must not be judged on a local basis . . . this is a world affair. . . ." So that we are not advised to be interested in the murders in Bogotá, but only in the Secretary's statement that they show "the same definite pattern which provoked the strikes in France and Italy, and that are endeavoring to prejudice the situation in Italy for the elections on April 18."

The Secretary has the right to indulge in any free association of ideas; he is a statesman, with, therefore, a tendency to judge nothing on a "local basis" and everything as a "world affair." Also he is under great compulsion to do this since that is the way the Communists think and they have succeeded in imposing a reflex automatism on everyone else. It is as if everyone had a diploma from a school of psychological warfare and could never forget it. But I too have a right to free association, and no analyst yet has cured me of a tendency to associate the image of one murder, somewhere, with the image of another murder somewhere else, situating these images locally, in the locale in which they took place—the bedroom with the thief surprised by the woman who comes home too early from work and he stabs her sixteen times with a screwdriver; or in Palestine, the Jewish extremists dressed as British soldiers who drive a stolen British truck into a British camp where they shoot eight men in British uniform; or the street in Bogotá with the man coming up to the politician Gaitán and shooting him.

No politics were involved in the New York murder of Mrs. Lotito; there were politics involved both in Bogotá and in Palestine; but even if every murderer everywhere were a Communist, there would still be the murders themselves to look at and I refuse to see them as subordinate to anything but to the immediate passion, or the hunger, or the imbecility which causes one human being to kill another.

That is the policeman's point of view; he has to start with the corpse, with the room, with finger prints and what is missing—he does not say "this is a world affair."

That is also the reporter's point of view—not to mention the moralist's—but after Gaitán was shot and the rioting commenced, the Columbian Government imposed total censorship and so the reporter's point of view was not expressed. Thus we know nothing of the police work that was done, or of the reporter's work. The Columbian Government, acting with the mechanical reflex which now has become customary over a large part of the world, suppressed all the preliminary work upon which alone a story can be built. It gave only its own conclusions; it told the reporters that " 'the communist angle' was fine" (Milton Bracker, *N. Y. Times*) and that they could go ahead with that. Secretary Marshall now concurs.

Both the Columbian Government and the Secretary may be right; perhaps the Communists engineered the whole thing. We are told that they did, but that is all we are told. It is not enough. We are not told how they did it; we are not given any semblance of evidence that they did it; we are not even told what "it" was they did. There is a casual mention in one of the news stories today of four hundred bodies still lying in the morgue; we have never been given the number of dead—surely it would not have been impossible to count them.

And who are these dead? Are all of them rioters killed by the military? Are they soldiers and police killed by the rioters? Or, in proportion, how many of each? And how many women and children? To these elementary questions no answers have been given. Only the conclusions have been given, only the judgement—conclusions to facts that are not provided, judgement on evidence withheld.

It's all very well. The man who murdered Gaitán was beaten (by whom?) to death, and beaten then until he was unrecognizable because "faceless." But those other faces of the dead, how many of them are there, and why are they too made faceless. We have a right to be curious about them—a right to an autopsy. I want to know if they had a meal inside them when they were killed; I want to see inside their brains, and whether or not they had been given an education, and inside their hearts and whether or not they had ever been loved—merely out of a police reporter's curiosity or, more accurately, out of a police reporter's sense of his job. Or, if it has to be grandiloquent, out of a sense I have that I should try to use my reason.

C. G. PAULDING.

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The Tragedy of the Masaryks

Austrian Idealism on Czech Realism

Ernst Karl Winter

THE NAME Masaryk has been a shibboleth of "progressivism" in two world wars. It may well be worthwhile to look at it, on the occasion of its extinction, from the angle of "conservatism" also, which duality, after all, is the law of history. While the name of Masaryk the father stands enduringly in the books of history as the founder of the independent Czechoslovak State on the ruins of the Austrian Empire, the name of Masaryk the son is the symbol of the disastrous consequences brought by his father's ambiguous act after thirty years. Hardly anywhere in history have the Apocalyptic horsemen ridden as swiftly as in these two generations of the Masaryks.

A hundred years ago, the sage of the Czech nation, Frantisek Palacky, must have had a real premonition of events to come. For, invited in 1848 to join the German national parliament in Frankfort, he coined, refusing the invitation, the ever famous phrase: "If the Austrian Empire did not exist, it would have to be created in the interest of Europe and humanity." Hardly twenty years later, it is true, Palacky, disillusioned about the good will of the ruling German Austrians, nearly reversed his position by saying: "We, the Czechs, have existed before Austria and we shall exist after her." Nevertheless, the intellectual leaders of the Czech nation did not seriously take notice of the latter utterance of disappointment, but stuck to the constructive saying of 1848. Palacky's son-in-law, Frantisek Ladislav Rieger, the leader of the "Old Czechs," adhered to the "Austrian idea" down to his political testament, in which he admonished the Czech nation never to separate itself from the dynasty. It was Karel Kramar, protagonist of Czech national independence long before Masaryk—and for that reason sentenced to death by an Austrian military court in World War I, but amnestied by Emperor Charles in a splendid gesture of reconciliation—who wrote as early as 1906, paraphrasing both sentences of Palacky, the truly realistic words: "Any weakening of Austria means a strengthening of the influence of Germany. It means especially for our people the weakening of their importance and the strengthening of those who dream of nothing else save how to subject us to a ruthless régime of Germanization. The situation of our people in the heart of Europe and the development of the international situation force us more than ever before to ask for a strong and healthy Austria as the best guarantee of the future of our people. I believe in the words of Palacky (concerning the existence of the Czech nation before and after Austria) and I believe in his belief in the future of our people, but I believe too that it would be, I am sure, better for us, if we never had to prove the truth of these words."

In fact, the Czech leaders have always been realists and consequently, down to Masaryk, champions of *Austro-Slavism* as the only alternative for their little nation hedged in by the double menace of German and Russian imperialism. Old Masaryk himself was a lifelong Austrophile. Only at 64 did he abruptly turn against Austria, convinced by the turn of World War I that the Czech nation ought to be radically "de-Austrianized." Masaryk, in contradiction to the national tradition of the Czech people, turned to this self-destructive policy influenced by *Eduard Benes*, at that time a youth of 30, who was the only Czech leader in exile without an Austrian intellectual background. Thus, Masaryk and Benes, aided by international freemasonry and the American president, became the gravediggers of an Austrian empire which, for more than half a millenium (at least since 1437), had been an essential moderator of the European balance of power and a check to German and Russian expansion alike. While the Czechs under Masaryk the father were the foremost destroyers of the Old Austrian coexistence of nations (which certainly needed modernization, but did not deserve complete liquidation), they became, under Masaryk the son, quite logically the first sufferers from that destruction.

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Genealogical research shows that Masaryk's ancestors were Czech, Slovak and German Austrian. This is representative of many intellectual types originating in the Sudeten countries, where Czechs, Slovaks and German-speaking Austrians (the so-called "Sudeten Germans," who in fact are Sudeten Austrians) have mingled for more than a thousand years. One of the oldest

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roots of the Masaryks can be traced back to a small Moravian village close to the ancient pilgrimage at Velehrad, the sanctuary of the Slavonic Apostles, Cyrillus and Methodius, where the Eastern liturgy and the tradition of the Western-Eastern union of churches still are realities. One of the most popular modern Austrian saints, Klemens Maria Hofbauer, now the patron of Vienna, was of Moravian descent.

The Masaryks came from old Catholic stock, as do the overwhelming majority of all Moravians, Czechs, Slovaks and German-speaking Sudeten Austrians. Also, the Moravian people always have been deeply integrated into the Danubian coexistence of nations (with the March River flowing into the Danube and not the opposite way). When the elder Masaryk at the age of 30 first turned from Catholicism to Protestantism (as was the fashion among the Prussianizing Sudeten German intelligentsia) and later called himself a "freethinker," following a vague nineteenth century pseudo-liberal "enlightenment," his tragedy began. He had cut his roots. A year later, when a young teacher in the University of Vienna, he wrote his book against suicide, a book which now his eldest son has demonstrated to have been a dialectical failure.

As a "positivist" in philosophy and sociology, imitating Comte and Spencer in German (the language of most of Masaryk's publications), his political creed was determinedly "realistic": he was Austrophile as long as the Austrian empire existed as a world power, and he turned against Austria with the outcome of World War I. Masaryk's heirs showed exactly the same "realism" in their similar acceptance of historical events, as they unfolded themselves: national independence guaranteed by the victors of World War I, the pact of Munich concluded by the same victors, the inevitable protectorate as the consequence of Munich, the victory of the Allies in World War II, and, last but not least, Russian domination east of the so-called Iron Curtain which, in fact, is the strategical line agreed upon by the Allies. It was due to Hitler, not to Benes, that the acceptance of Munich resulted in the exile of the Benes school, while Hacha and his followers stayed on to accommodate the German rulers, offering collaboration to a higher degree than existed anywhere else in Europe, although it was cleverly masked by Czech propaganda abroad. Again it was the Benes school which, after the strategical division of Central Europe had been established by agreement between the Allies, at once totally embraced the Russian hegemony which formerly nobody had resented more than Masaryk.

Although Masaryk's "realism" contributed a heavy share to the destruction of the Danubian balance (in spite of the requirements of both Europe and humanity, for which Palacky had pleaded), he could not make the Danube flow back into her Sudeten tributaries and check the fateful consequences of his errors, for which his heirs now pay. Each new accommodation of Masaryk or Benes to the existing pattern of power brought the Czech nation another step toward entanglement and confusion. Masaryk's vain intellectualism let him completely misjudge the forces of history which have confronted the Czechs since times immemorial: the Germans, the Russians, and the coexistence of smaller nations on the Danube, of which the Austrian empire has been the most effective integration. The Czech nation, as all the other Danubian nations, will always be under the sway of imperialism, German or Russian, so long as they cannot find some means of federation. No imperialism will be strong enough, however, to prevent the development of such a tendency. Even today, the "Austrian idea" in the highest sense of federalization among the Danubian nations is still a reality, against which "positivism" may sin gravely indeed, yet cannot permanently prevail.

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When the Hitler menace began to threaten the emancipated Danubian nations in the 1930's, there came a moment in the history of the Czech leaders when they felt anew their sympathy and solidarity with Austria. After the Danubian Successor States had liquidated their common interest and protection, it was quite logical that the German menace should arise and that thereby not only the weakest spot of the postwar system, Austria, should be gravely endangered, but also Czechoslovakia, the most favored nation of all, the leader of the Little Entente, supposed to replace the great power on the Danube. Never did an artificial scheme collapse so thoroughly in the lifetime of its authors as this substitute for the Austrian Empire. Even if politicians by nature are deaf to the teaching of history, some faint inkling reached their ears when Hitler disturbed their complacency.

In those years I met many of the Czech leaders and quite a few of them spontaneously emphasized their Austrian background once again. "We all are Austrians, aren't we?" one of them said to me, quite penitently, who today holds a key position in the present Czech system. In those years of crises I also met Benes several times, first in Czernin Palace, when he still was foreign minister, later in Hradcany Castle, when he had become Masaryk's successor. Although I have been a rather pronounced adherent of "Greater Austrian reconstruction" and did not hide my conviction that the restoration of the Austrian monarchy would be preferable to chaos in the Danube region, Benes was always very eager to

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talk to me. Even when he tried to convince me that a "Starhemberg monarchy" would be much more suitable to Austria than the Habsburgs (who would lose, as he said, both Slovakia and Croatia), he showed, by the very content of such discussions, that he had long forgotten his unfortunate saying of former years that he would prefer the Anschluss to the Habsburg restoration.

In those days one could feel the true pulse of Czechoslovak foreign policy through one of Benes's most intimate French associates, Professor Louis Eisenmann, the Slavist of the Sorbonne, who never neglected to visit Karl Renner (now the president of the Austrian Republic), when passing through Vienna. Eisenmann, an old French freemason of Eastern European Jewish descent, who once had been foremost among the intellectual destroyers of the Austrian empire, became, when the 1930's threatened, one of the most eager foreign advocates of Danubian reconstruction—if need be—on a dynastic basis. (Less outspoken, but still the same apparent repentance existed in Englishmen like H. W. Steed or R. W. Seton-Watson, who now could measure the destructive results of their attitude about the problem of nationalities within the old Austrian Monarchy by their consequences in European insecurity.) What Benes told me under the diplomatic cloak, Eisenmann, a courageous scholar, said frankly. If there had been in Austria at that time a really constructive statesman, instead of a brave but incompetent one, who in an extraordinary historical situation was incapable of performing the extraordinary, it might have been possible to carry out the restoration of the Habsburg dynasty in Austria as the nucleus for Danubian reconstruction on a modern basis. Historically, this may well have been the last chance to regain for Central Europe the continuity with the nineteenth century which was broken by the events of 1918, and which, to any non-partisan, now, after the events of 1938 and 1945, looks lost forever.

When we Austrians went into exile in March, 1938, the Czech leaders still were riding high. In order to keep the Nazis benevolent, they refused refuge even to very respectable Austrians who had frequently sided with the Czechoslovak interests (such as Robert Danneberg, Social Democratic leader, who was caught on a train at the Czechoslovak frontier, and who died in a concentration camp). Six months later, the first Czechs went into exile too. The same tragicomedy occurred even more grotesquely the following year among Czechs and Poles, for the former, after Munich, took over the rôle of the Austrians, while the latter contrived for another year the rôle of the Czechs, appeasing the Nazis at all costs.

In 1939, representatives of all three Danubian nations in exile, Austrians, Czechoslovaks and Poles, met in America. At that time, we founded the "American Committee on European Reconstruction" round a nucleus of Austrian-Czechoslovak-Polish cooperation, and Jan Masaryk sponsored the movement. I still cherish the letter of encouragement which he then wrote in favor of our endeavors, in which, besides a few independent Austrians, the official representatives of the Czechoslovak and Polish governments-in-exile took part. It was a very short intermission. The only positive result was that in London a year later the two governments-in-exile concluded their treaty of federation which proposed a universal scheme for Southeastern European reconstruction. For a few months the two governments were rightly the spokesmen of all the Danubian nations. (The Austrians, unable to agree on an integrated national policy in exile, went into oblivion, primarily because of the farcical adventures of the Legitimists, blown up beyond their real importance by the snobbishness of Washington society and backed for a while by Rooseveltian Machiavellianism.)

All this, before Germany attacked Russia. The idea of the Czechoslovak-Polish federation was directed against both German and Russian imperialism, as corresponding with the continuous tradition of Austro-Slavism. Instead of logically continuing this fundamental orientation even after the alliance of the West with Russia, Benes and Masaryk capitulated to Russian force and thereby drew Russia closer and faster into the heart of Europe than the Russians themselves contemplated at that time. Thus they contradicted the most basic principle of the traditional Czech anti-Panslavism, to which the Austrophiles had remained faithful from Palacky to Masaryk; just as the elder Masaryk, together with Benes, had leaned upon the League of Nations, so Benes and the young Masaryk trusted the United Nations. The close alliance of Czechoslovakia with Russia was possible and safe only within the United Nations, yet it was this alliance precisely which helped tragically to destroy the balance of the United Nations. By trusting in the abstract formula of an untried world organization instead of sticking to the historic realities, of which the connections of Czechoslovakia with Poland and Austria are integral parts, the Czech leaders led their nation into the abyss.

The test case came for Benes and Masaryk with the problem of the Sudeten Austrians (wrongly called Sudeten Germans by the Czechs themselves in their mania for "de-Austrianization"). In spite of a millenial symbiosis between Slavonic and Germanic speakers in the Sudeten countries of Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia, the victorious Czechs, urged by Russia, went so far against their own most vital interests as to expel with utmost cruelty, worthy of their German enemies, three million Sudeten Austrians. A hu-

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manitarian Czech (who had cooperated with our committee) characterized this expulsion as "understandable from the point of view of mere revenge; a crime from the humanitarian point of view; and a stupidity politically." By uprooting the Sudeten Austrians the Czechs lost their real historic partner and became spiritually satellites of the Russians, who insisted on this solution in order to make secure their own hold over the Czechs. The Sudeten Austrians have been expelled, but no expert will maintain that the problems involved have really been solved. Not even the return of the Sudeten Germans is possible in a world situation such as ours. Here again the tragedy of the Czechs has been the tragedy of American foreign policy, whose consent alone made the expulsion of the Sudeten Austrians in 1945 both possible and legal.

Neither Benes nor the younger Masaryk ever had the intellectual strength to "discern the spiritual," which is the virtue *sine qua non* of the statesman. They were opportunists of "positivism," the evil heritage of the old Masaryk. They underestimated therefore the historic truth, known to Palacky and to his successors, and even to the elder Masaryk for the greater part of his lifetime, which is that the Czechs inevitably will become the slaves of either Germans or Russians or, God forbid, of the two—unless there be an integrated system of power on the Danube, organized by the federation of the smaller nations between Germany and Russia.

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Such a Central European system of equilibrium, without which there cannot be any political integration of Europe as a whole, was once the Austrian Empire, and it existed continuously for four hundred years (after 1526), based primarily upon the union of the German speaking Alpine Austrians (of Lower and Upper Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and the Tyrol), on the Czechs as the most Western promoters of Slavonic interests, and on the Magyars as the main organizers for many centuries, of the Southeastern European areas. The great historic function of the Austrian empire in balancing Europe during the centuries of modern civilization is undeniable. Equally, there can be little doubt that the complete collapse of the Austrian Empire after World War I, without the slightest trace of any substitute, was the main reason for the German expansion which led to World War II and now the analogous lack of any integrated power on the Danube is the greatest temptation for a Russian expansion which may well precipitate World War III.

It is true, however, that Austria has by no means been simply the passive victim of this development, in each phase leading to another world conflagration. There is more positive substance, more "virtue" in Austrian history than is generally recognized in the West, but there is, equally, much "guilt." It was certainly the historic merit of both Austrian socialism and Czech nationalism to have put the finger upon this guilt. There is not the slightest doubt that the ruling caste of German Austria, particularly the dynasty and the nobility, especially after 1848, were never up to the problems of the empire, and missed dozens of opportunities to modernize it. In spite of the legends surrounding the figure of Francis Joseph I, in which Austrian sentimentalists indulge, the historian must state objectively that the dynasty under the long leadership of that emperor—a youth of 18 in the revolutionary year of 1848 and an old man of 86 in the midst of World War I—eliminated itself from the historic scene through unpardonable mistakes and incompetence. The Habsburg dynasty fell by historic necessity, and no force on earth in all human probability will ever revive its ghost, after the last chance was gambled away by the Austrian Legitimists themselves. Only had Habsburg prevented the Anschluss, the gulf of twenty years might have been bridged.

Yet it was the climax of the tragedy of Benes and the Masaryks that they were unable to distinguish clearly between Austria and Habsburg. They could have stood as the great emancipators of their nation, and rebelled against the ruling caste of the German-Austrians, without destroying the Austrian empire which, even with a cardboard king for the time being, would have served them better than the complete vacuum they created. The elimination of the dynasty from active interference with the destiny of the Empire, even if the English system had been maintained, would have been a great blessing to all the Danubian nations—while the ruthless destruction of the Empire was like Samson's deed, burying those under its ruins who had shaken its pillars.

This is the lesson of history. While the Russians know the problem and try to solve it within the Soviet orbit, the Americans still either parrot their mistakes, which created the Masaryks, or simply reverse them, thinking that the restoration of the Habsburgs will repair the damage done by their expulsion. It may seem pretty hopeless today, in the light of the elder Masaryk's "positivism," to find any positive solution for the smaller nations in the Danube basin —and thus the son logically committed the deed the father resented so strongly (who possessed still the substance of his inheritance which he denied to his own son). If "positivists" find the situation hopeless, "idealists" may be better off. Not the realism of "positivism," but of "idealism" is required in the impasse of history which

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is ours. It will not be possible to pass through that narrow defile without the thread of continuity which characterizes the progress of civilization. Yet a nation conscious of itself must always be able to distinguish between the essentials of national life and paraphernalia and have the courage to adapt the latter to the former. The Austrian monarchy went down, not without grandeur in its last representative, Charles, whose prayer was that the peoples of the Austrian empire would again find each other united. Since that time even the name of Austria has been crushed under the German heel and nobody can tell whether or not, in a third world war, the Alpine Austrians will go down the same road of history the Sudeten Austrians did. It is not the name, however, but the essence which surely will survive and, in any durable era of peace, will bring again into the foreground the perennial coexistence of those smaller nations on the Danube, whose civilization once rose, in the Austrian architecture of the Baroque and in the classical age of Viennese music, to the highest level of humanity.

Catholicism and Puritanism

YOUR Excellency, Right Reverend Monsignori, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I have long felt that writers should be read and not heard. I can only explain my presence here on the ground that, having recently had much experience with the surgeons, I found it reassuring to be invited by your guild to participate in this symposium, commemorating the fifteenth anniversary of the Gallery of *Living* Catholic Authors. Those of you who agree with my original view, or who feel that writers, like children, should be seen and not heard, are now perfectly free to indulge in a post-Sunday dinner nap while I touch upon a few aspects of the very large topic of Catholicism and Puritanism.

It happens that I am a Catholic of Puritan stock, and that my major literary interest lies in the conflict between Catholicism and Puritanism. The helpless victims of my biographical attentions have been New Englanders of Puritan stock who were involved in this conflict, either in their lives or in their works. My somewhat morbid interest in the subject has been reinforced of recent years by a study of French Canada, where Jansenism, the Gallic equivalent of Puritanism, has exerted an influence upon Catholicism in Quebec similar to that of Puritanism upon Catholicism in New England. In both regions the coloring of the Catholic tradition by strong environmental forces has raised problems for the Catholic writer, and it is some of these problems that I want to discuss this afternoon.

It is one of the many ironies of history that Puritanism should exert an influence upon Catholicism, for the Puritans got their name from their effort to "purify" the Church of England of all traces of "papistry." The medieval Church believed that beauty was "a kind of good," and made lavish use of the resources of architecture, music, art, and literature in order to praise God the better. The English Puritans, in their revolt against "papistry," fanatically destroyed the books, statues, stained glass, and paintings which filled the cathedrals which were the greatest monuments of the Middle Ages. Here in Massachusetts the Puritans built gaunt, bare churches in which no music was heard save that of the nasal psalmsinger, and they even denied their congregations the blessing of warmth for winter worship. Agnes Repplier, in an essay on "The Masterful Puritan," quotes from the *Boston Evening Post* of January, 1783, when the Old South Church was first heated, this stern lament:

> Extinct the sacred fires of love,
> Our zeal grown cold and dead;
> In the house of God we fix a stove
> To warm us in their stead.

These lines may be regarded not unfairly as the swan song of the Puritan muse, never much given to verse after John Milton, who was nourished in an older and richer tradition. An attitude which carried self-denial to inhuman lengths, which frowned upon all the beauties and pleasures of life as immoral, and was essentially joyless, did not provide the most fertile soil for the development of art and culture. Matthew Arnold observed that Virgil and Shakespeare would have found the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* "intolerable company," and when we look at the literary remains of Massachusetts Puritanism it is difficult not to agree. But as Miss Repplier points out, "Men who believe that, through some exceptional grace of good fortune, they have found God, feel little need of culture. If they believe that they share God with all races, all nations, and all ages, culture comes in the wake of religion. That is one great difference between Catholics and Puritans."

Now, as a Catholic writer, who believes that American Catholic culture is becoming a fact and is no longer a dream, I am disturbed when our separated brethren call us the modern Puritans, and when I find a marked rise of anti-Catholic

* This is the text of a talk given this winter under the auspices of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors, in Boston, Mass.

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feeling because of the zealousness of our censors and our critics. Of course, Puritanism is older than the Puritans, and there is a Catholic puritanical tradition, as E. I. Watkin reminds us in his "Catholic Art & Culture": "Puritanism was not made in Geneva, or in Edinburgh for that matter. The Protestant Puritan did but discover its nakedness and display its inhumanity by isolating it from the poetry and humanity of Catholic devotion and worship and *by seeking to impose it by force on the entire community.*" In recent years there have been certain signs that we Catholics, who once hailed the American traditions of tolerance and freedom because they enabled us to exist as a tiny majority in an overwhelmingly Protestant U.S.A., are becoming somewhat bumptious, now that our unified strength outweighs the disordered ranks of a dying Protestantism. We seem to be adopting the Puritan attitude of "I will not. Thou shalt not." A strong majority, like the original settlers of Massachusetts Bay, may thus coerce a wavering minority along the road of rectitude, but no tactics on the part of a strong minority are more apt to unite the majority against it. Americans have always peculiarly loved liberty, and we Catholics may be launching a boomerang against ourselves when we attempt to impose our discipline upon our fellow Americans who are not Catholics.

Catholic writers in America in the past have been hindered from realizing their promise by either a Puritanical complex or by a "bourgeios sense of resistance to change." If they escaped these blights, their audience did not. In the last century such literary figures as American Catholicism produced, among them Louise Guiney, Agnes Repplier, Marion Crawford, Henry Harland, John Bannister Tabb, and Charles Warren Stoddard, "found themselves very much alone, without a Catholic audience, without leaders, without literary companionship," as Father Calvert Alexander put it in his "Catholic Literary Revival." Many of them fled to Europe, where Catholic intellectual life was not a bad joke in the mouths of mockers. Others tried to cultivate here what Michael Williams has called the "stony and stubborn soil of Catholic literature." They suffered artistically from isolation and misunderstanding. Their fate was largely caused by the fact that the Church in America was first a missionary church, and then preoccupied with the vast physical problems of expansion brought it by the two great waves of immigration from Catholic Europe. Like the Puritans, those generations of Catholics felt little need of "culture." Just before the First World War, another Catholic literary movement got started under the leadership of Joyce Kilmer, but his premature death and the catastrophic spiritual aftermath of the conflict nipped the movement in the bud. After the war, those Catholic writers who were the leaders in the new writing were neglected or denounced by other Catholics. Rejected by their own, they turned from the Faith in appalling numbers. This is the story of Ernest Hemingway, Theodore Dreiser, Scott Fitzgerald, Eugene O'Neill, and Philip Barry, whose great talents might have been devoted to Catholic ends if they had met with more charitable understanding.

In recent years, along with the stirrings and first flowers of that long awaited American Catholic cultural spring, we have had a new development of that Catholic Nice Nellyism or squeamish recoil from life which is more Puritanical than Catholic. Yet this trait does not really go back to the first settlers of Massachusetts, who were great realists in their way, as Jonathan Edwards's genial remark, "The bulk of mankind is reserved for the burning" bears witness, but rather to the narrow attitude of the uneducated folk who swelled the numbers of the Church in America during the last century and made it great. Part of it, too, is a pathetic attempt at gentility on the part of those of no great culture. It is an assimilated survival of that decadent Victorianism which drove Louise Guiney from Boston to England, and made her write of Queen Victoria, after her discovery that the spirit of the age was just as stultifying in London as in Boston:

> That money-loving, gillie-adoring, etiquette-blinded, pudgy, plodding, unspiritual, unliterary, mercantile, dowdy, sparkless, befogged, continuous Teutonic lady, is not in one's life a necessary.

It is this poverty of spirit which has made prudish Catholic critics heckle Catholic satirists of strong religious convictions; it is this which has led some to find "vulgarity" in the lay sermons of Bruce Marshall and Evelyn Waugh. And it was this spirit which forced a Catholic bookstore—in New York, not in Boston—first to remove a display of that deeply spiritual book, "The Gates of Hell," from the window to the rear of the shop, and then to refuse to stock it at all, because their patrons were outraged by a spirituality which was not quite "nice." It should be superfluous to point out that Dante and the Bible are often not quite "nice," and that Our Lord was unquestionably disapproved of by the "nice" people of His day. It is this Nice Nellyism which makes Catholic readers recoil from realism and truth which shock a generation accustomed to the vapid gentilities and empty Tennysonian cadences of an imitative and unreal literature. It is this which has made the Catholic writer something of a joke to his fellow-craftsmen; for too often he uses the means and manners of a past age, which are inadequate weapons for the very real struggle in which the Catholic writer should be engaged today. One may deplore a literature preoccupied with immorality, but there is meat to chew on

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in Bernard Shaw's remark that "Ibsen's attack on morality is a symptom of the revival of religion rather than its decline." And if we are eager to point out the mote in our neighbor's eye, we must not neglect the beam in our own, by blandly ignoring the evil in our midst.

It is high time that intelligent American Catholics escaped from the Puritanical concept that nature is inherently evil and totally depraved, and from the danger of lapsing into a latter-day Manichaeism. We must realize that a "Catholic book" is not necessarily one in which personifications of good and evil walk woodenly through the obvious paces of a banal plot to a triumphantly moral ending. We must be severe with Catholic books which attempt to excuse shoddiness of conception and execution on the strength of their authors' good intentions. We must lose our Puritanical solemnity and remember that laughter is the gift of God, and ridicule one of the best weapons of apologetic literature, as Ronald Knox and G. K. Chesterton have shown us well. Leo XIII's dictum on the writing of Catholic history—"The first law of history is not to lie, and the second not to be afraid to tell the whole truth"—is capable of extension into other literary fields, as is evidenced by Emil Bauman's statement: "The first duty of the Catholic writer of fiction lies in representing life as it is, that is to say, in the way that his observation dictates and his Faith reveals to him." We must realize that a Catholic book can be Catholic by implication and demonstration, as well as by direct preaching. Our Lord taught in parables in a godless age and was heard. And we in America must learn from the glorious history of the recent French and English Catholic intellectual revivals; we must not neglect or reject Catholic writers because they are concerned with the problem of evil —which is the great problem of our age, as it was at the decline of Rome sixteen centuries ago. For otherwise the present Catholic intellectual movement in this country, with all its promise, will perish before it reaches its prime, as did its predecessors.

MASON WADE.

Communications

TWO RECENT communications from friends of the magazine on current political matters should be of special interest. The first from an American priest in Rome reflects the increasing hopes of the Christian Democrats on the eve of the election.

This Easter week I have taken off for a swing around Sicily to try to get an impression on how the elections will go on the 18th. We went south because the papers have been saying that it is common knowledge that what the Communists have lost among the laborers of northern Italy (the loss is everywhere taken for granted), they have picked up amongst the peasants of the south.

But after a week in Sicily—and a parley with a Socialist running for Parliament, a Christian Democrat in the same category, all the parish priests we could find as well as a crowd of Communist sympathizers in a piazza meeting in Palermo—the so-called gains in the south seem to be the work of someone's imagination.

Really, I am going to be very much surprised if the Popular Front—Nenni Socialists and Communists together—gets as much as 30 per cent of the vote. If I had to guess, I should place their national figure at 25 per cent, which would be in the neighborhood of 165 seats in an Assembly of 574.

From Rome south, the trend is very definitely against the Front. The non-Communist wall propaganda is heavier in quantity and better in quality than is that of the comrades. The ordinary man in the street seems to be very much aware of what a police-state means. Peasants, who a month ago were being dazzled by the prospect of owning their own land, are now beginning to hear the other side of the story and to be reminded that the dictatorship of the proletariat has been known to requisition the grain of the small landholders. The Christian Democrat candidate with whom we spoke (with his uncle-manager, really, for the nephew had gone to bed after his sixth meeting of the day) was thoroughly convinced that the peasants were disillusioned with the Front and were back again either in the ranks of the monarchists or his own Christian Democrats.

Italo-Americans at home have had a hand in the matter. Letters by the thousands—soon hundreds of thousands from what one hears—have been pouring in to relatives over here to remind them that a Communist victory means the end of American help. A doctor with whom I spoke, whose peasant clients have been receiving these form letters, felt that in his district such correspondence had destroyed whatever impression the comrades had made through months of patient labor.

I must say that this week has been extremely heartening. Italy will still need prayers for the 18th, for the events of the final week will swing a number of votes one way or the other, but as of now there is every prospect of the new Parliament seating two-thirds or three-fourths of its members in the center and at the right.

The following comes from a Portuguese friend now in this country:

The papers have issued a communication from Madrid stating that the American Government is ready to arm anew the Portuguese Legion and the Spanish Falange to fight Communism.

Anyone acquainted with the Spanish and Portuguese modern political slang knows what the word *communist* means in the Peninsula: i. e., a man who does not at least feign to approve of Police Government, censorship of press, directed opinion, Single Party—the whole machinery of totalitarian materialism, but with a Christian label on top.

Worse, that materialistic totalitarianism they cover

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with the claim of a corporatism blessed by Papal encyclicals involves the direct exploitation of the workers, forced into starvation while enterprises distribute to shareholders huge dividends and capitalists live in ostentatious luxury. A poor man—for instance, a garbage collector of a city like Lisbon—is paid for his daily work what amounts to the buying power of 50 American cents, less than the hourly wage of a Negro in an American city.

The Portuguese Legion, as the Spanish Falange, has never accomplished anything except persecution of peaceful citizens; many of these were arrested, during the last war, for listening to BBC or for commenting on American news on the war with Japan. Even a reactionary journalist, Correa Marques, for indulging in a *schismatic* sympathy towards the Britishers and showing it in his articles in *A Voz,* saw his name reviled in pamphlets printed by State Police and distributed by "legionarinos!"

Is this *public service* that America is ready to finance for the two Iberian peoples? It will be the best way to promote Communism in the Peninsula and to convince the Portuguese about the funny sort of democracy capitalism is trying to dope the world with.

One of the casualties of the recent local strike in the printing trades is a whole series of letters from readers about various articles in THE COMMONWEAL. *The articles themselves by this time are so far back that the time has now passed for publishing the letters. We regret this intensely, because nothing interests us more than letters on specific articles and editorials and because we have a feeling that it is one of the most popular features in the magazine week after week.* THE EDITORS.

The Stage & Screen

Macbeth

THEATRE INC.'S production of the Scottish tragedy is Stevenson-Shakespeare and as such, I think it's fine. Somehow or other, Paul Sheriff's designs and Norris Houghton's direction manage to summon the exact amount of wild weathers to set the piece, and if one also expects to see Davy Balfour and Alan Breck slipping out of the mists to engage in these earlier feuds, that is not as anachronistic as one might think. The business has great pace and a large amount of gore. And, strangely enough, the principals seem young enough and lithe enough to move about a little. Michael Redgrave's Macbeth seems to have impressed most of my critical colleagues as all melodrama with the tragedy omitted, but I do honestly believe this to have been a phenomenon of the first-night performance. The night I saw it Mr. Redgrave progressed irrevocably and clearly towards remorse—so much so, that the impossible "Tomorrow" soliloquoy sounded like a real cry rather than the usual string of book-titles. It's true this actor has got a number of mannerisms. He seems always to be leading with his chin (can this be merely an ill-fitting beard?) and he has chosen to wear a fearsome wig. Flora Robson, that expert actress, plays the sleepwalking scene wistfully quiet. Intellectually I liked this. But in the midst of all the crash and hurly-burly, I think it gives one too much pause. As though it were a resting-place, rather than the most wringing scene of all. Everyone else is good, with particular mention for Beatrice Straight, Whitfield Connor and Geoffrey Toone. Alan Bush's music seemed to me an honest contribution, but Mr. Houghton has got his Witches *singing* to it. That's the only silly note, and I wish they'd cut it. (*at the National*)

The Six O'clock Theatre

FOR ITS fifth production, ANTA's Experimental Theatre is presenting a studio group of professional actors in three short, original American [illegible]. And I think it's probably the most sensible and the most instructive and the most exciting bill the organization has managed so far. To begin with, the pieces are given without sets, makeup, or traps so that no large money is at stake and the acting and wrighting have got to tell. Secondly, the group, having rehearsed together for two years or more, do give an example of ensemble acting which can simply not be duplicated on Broadway. Richard Harrity's "Hope Is The Thing With Feathers" opened the evening and was, I think, its plum. The play is reminiscent of Robert Nathan's kind of New York fiction, although with a good deal less whimsy. Set in Central Park, on a dark night, it deals with a number of bums trying to capture a duck and it's sad and funny and exactly short enough. Everyone on the stage was a character, with an actor well inside each one. I particularly liked the work of Daniel A. Reed, Will Geer and Robert Alvin in this, although it ought to be emphasized that Joseph Kramm has cast and directed precisely, so that it's honestly not possible to single out anyone. There were more opportunities for *bravura* playing in Horton Foote's "Celebration" and Hilda Vaughn, Perry Wilson, especially Warren Stevens, made the most of them. Mr. Foote is here concerned with the problem of Southern Aristocratic decadence, and I know I ought to be concerned about it, too. The trouble is that such a repeated problem does seem bewilderingly to lose point. If I came reeling out from Mr. Foote's play feeling it ought to have been called "The Kiddie Car Named Desire" everyone will certainly recognize that as exhaustion rather than criticism. And I should be censured accordingly. The third offering—"Afternoon Storm" by E. P. Conkle—was not any way as rewarding as its predecessors. At this atomic point, I don't think anyone ought to write another play about Abraham Lincoln—at any age of his life—and I don't think any actor—however tall—ought to be asked to play him. There was nice work in this piece, as well as the others, but it did provide a lurch to the evening. I also think that the producer, Fred Stewart, ought not to *explain* his organization quite so often during the performance. As he seems to be doing some of the most serious work in town, I don't think explanations are

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necessary, particularly when it's all down in the program anyway. (*at the Maxine Elliott*)

Strike Note

THE TYPOGRAPHERS' Union having so kindly provided me with an unexpected vacation, it looks as though I will have to earn my salary for a change and squeeze a month's productions into the next week or so.

KAPPO PHELAN.

Still Current

WHAT WITH the strike in the printing trades, my column was thrown off schedule for several weeks. Lucky you, who could select movies without any dictation from a bossy critic! But during this period several films were released which deserve more than passing notice; and I shall cover a few of these briefly.

"The Search," produced by Lazar Wechsler in Germany, is a tremendously moving film about displaced persons, especially children who deserve better than what the post-war world has dealt them. The story concentrates on one child and his mother who continue their search for each other in spite of the fact that the mother has been told that her son is dead, while the boy in the meantime, speechless and nameless, wanders through a difficult period of mental darkness before he finds the road to health and happiness. Fortunately, after he runs away from the relief agency, he is picked up by an American soldier who feeds and clothes him and teaches him a few words of English. It is difficult to decide what in this good film is most stirring: the shots of devastated Germany, the scenes of the English lessons, the boy's first words, his heart-breaking discovery of the meaning of "mother," the efforts of the relief agency—or the overall pattern with its presentation of the problem and its solution of one case. Fred Zinnemann's direction is excellent, and his cast is outstanding: Ivan Jandl gives an amazing performance as the perplexed youngster; also fine are Czech singer Jarmila Novotna as the mother; Montgomery Clift as the American soldier, Aline MacMahon as a relief worker, and several others who add realism to this extraordinary picture. You'll be sorry if you miss "The Search."

There are also two new Italian films that merit serious consideration. *"Paisan,"* produced and directed by Roberto Rossellini, uses a semi-documentary technique to relate a series of incidents that happened during the war as American and British armies moved up the boot. The stories are not equally well told, but some of them have a terrific punch; and all of them show, as the locale changes from Sicily to Naples to Rome, Florence and the Po Marshes, that there were all kinds of Italians in the war, but most of them were fighting with us. This is not a movie to which you can take your shockable grandmother, but you will be impressed by the film's vivid realism and unsentimental attitude toward war's tragedies.

The other Italian picture depicts some of the post-war turmoil that exists in this country that was overrun by enemies from within and without. Anna Magnani gives a magnificent performance in the title role of *"Angelina"* as she portrays a strong-willed woman who leads her neighbors in protests against a government that allows the poor to be shoved around while the rich get all the cream. The plot gets out of hand after the characterizations are established, but the local color is extremely well done, and the film's conclusions (after it stops being a modern "Lysistrata") are quite touching. Both of these Italian pictures have English subtitles, which, though adequate, fail at times to give the complete translation.

Two recent Hollywood pictures of interest to Catholics should probably have not been filmed at all. *"The Miracle of the Bells,"* based on Russell Janney's best seller, seems to depend on a miracle that isn't a miracle. The story's purpose in illustrating the beauty of faith is commendable, but its dubious execution with all this third-rate pap leaves much to be desired. And no matter how hard you may try to string along with Fred MacMurray, Valli and Frank Sinatra, as they enact this pretentious allegory, you still find it more embarrassing than enlightening or entertaining. Its coal town sets, however, are excellent.

"Winter Meeting," based on Ethel Vance's well-written novelette, is all talk and no movie. Its problem, the love affair between a Yankee spinster and a young middle-westerner who really wants to be a priest, is fascinating and it is handled well. But unfortunately Director Bretaigne Windust and Scriptwriter Catherine Turney failed to employ cinema to tell it. Bette Davis as the frustrated woman with a father complex, James Davis as the confused young man who became even more confused when he was worshipped as a war hero, John Hoyt as a blasé man-about-New York, and Janis Paige as his flashy secretary, are exceedingly well cast, but they cannot save this from being a long harangue which readers should have visualized for themselves.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin

HARRY McNEILL

ALFRED C. KINSEY is a 53-year-old professor of zoology at Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. He made his studies at Harvard and for the past twenty-seven years has been attached to the Indiana institution. Author of a popular text in his field, he is also known for extensive research on insects, chiefly the gall wasp. In his university teaching he found himself unable to answer students' questions regarding human sex behavior and therefore resolved to remedy deficiencies in existing studies.

Starting in 1938, he worked alone and at his own expense for several years, meanwhile perfecting his methods and broadening the scope of his enquiry. Seven years ago he was joined by Clyde E. Martin who assumed direction of statistical procedures. Two years later Wardell B. Pomeroy, a clinical psychologist, joined the proj-

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act mainly to assist in the painstaking interviews. Various psychologists and scientists from other disciplines have at different times participated in the project as full-time staff members or consultants. Last year Paul H. Gebhard, a Harvard-trained anthropologist joined the group. The project has now become a twenty-year enterprise aiming to collect data from 100,000 subjects. To the financial support of Indiana University have come additional subsidies of the Rockefeller Foundation's Division of Medical Sciences.

So far, 12,000 persons have been interviewed, and each was asked between 300 and 500 questions. The interviews take from one to six hours and elaborate care has been used to make them valid, painless, and confidential. Data are recorded in an "unbreakable" code, the key to which exists only in the minds of the odd half-dozen who have served as interviewers.

Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin have collaborated on the first of nine volumes projected to cover the findings. They call it a "progress report" and summarize in it the material obtained from 5300 white male histories. Since it is their introductory volume, they discuss at great length the over-all features of the enterprise. There is an historical account of the present and previous studies of this type. Interviewing techniques are described, statistical problems and policies are reviewed, and the validity of the results is evaluated. A bibliography of nearly 600 titles is listed, including 31 titles by Catholic authors. One gets the impression of thoroughness, ingenuity, and caution.

In principle the present study is concerned with the frequency and types of male sexual experiences resulting in orgasm. Limitations of the findings are frankly proclaimed: their incidence figures are admitted to be better than their frequency figures, yet both may be off from 5 to 10 percent, plus or minus. Moreover, the sampling of the population is recognized to be far from representative. The sample of collegians is too large; too many psychologists and psychiatrists and certain other groups are represented; Catholics, active Protestants, rural residents, age groups over fifty, etc., are not represented in the proportions they should have to reflect their presence in the total population. This is due to the policy, dictated by economy, of accepting histories immediately available rather than going after those needed to fill the various population "cells," that is, groups consisting of individuals characterized by some feature related to sex behavior. In fact, only two cells are admitted to be complete. It is the hope of the authors that chance will fill out the others as the study proceeds. These and many other deficiencies are loyally indicated in the opening chapters. The average reader will, however, through no fault of the authors, probably overlook these warnings and neglect to qualify the conclusions stated throughout the book.

The work is divided into three parts. The first deals with the history and method of the "taxonomic" approach, that is, the description and classification of vital phenomena of the type in question. A review of previous studies is followed by an account of various interviewing devices aimed at getting a trustworthy story. This leads to statistical considerations essential in any study of biological phenomena which are so variable that the laws of probability must be applied to any data discovered in order to see how representative the data are. The validity of the findings is finally discussed as it is a critical question in this field because of dependence upon the memory of the subjects—in the older cases over a period of a lifetime, because of reticence and cover-up regarding activities which the individual considers reprehensible, and because of the sheer difficulties of communication with persons of varied mental levels and educational backgrounds.

The second part of the work deals with factors affecting sexual outlet. This part is prefaced by a discussion of interesting findings regarding early sexual growth and activities; startling here is the revelation that at the age of 15 practically all males report experience avowed among females only by age 29.

Next follows a study of the average total outlet which is found to be between two and three times weekly. There is, of course, an enormous range of frequency—one respected member of the community indulging in 45,000 times greater activity than another when calculated over a period of thirty years! Moreover, in the admittedly limited sampling covered by the study, there is good reason to believe that the least active 5 percent are characterized by lack of urge or opportunity rather than by sublimation.

Succeeding chapters treat of six factors which have a manifest influence on the source and frequency of sexual outlet. The first of these factors is age. By 15 years of age 95 percent of males were found to be regularly active. Moreover, within the next two years their maximum rate of actual sexual *performance* (not merely *capacity*) is reached. This is a fact of challenging importance, especially since the female pattern develops quite differently. The authors are led to remark at this point, "Whether there should be sex instruction, and what sort of instruction it should be, are problems that lie outside the scope of an objective scientific study; but it is obvious that the development of any curriculum that faces the fact will be a much more complex undertaking than has been realized by those who think of the adolescent boy as a beginner, relatively inactive, and quite capable of ignoring his sexual development."

With age there is a slow and steady decline in activity. There is no evidence of a sudden climacteric, and whereas the number of cases studied beyond age 60 is regrettably small, the indications are that even at 70 years of age only 30 percent are impotent. Moreover, there is reason to believe that those who start early end late and maintain a consistently higher rate throughout the entire potent period.

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Marital status influences sexual activities in the not unexpected way of increasing frequency and narrowing the sources of outlet.

Social levels, as roughly indicated by whether the individual finishes grade school, high school, or college, influences sexual behavior in many significant and complex ways. For instance, grade school graduates show considerable extra-marital intercourse during the first years of marriage, but with time become increasingly faithful to their wives, whereas the college population begins marriage with high fidelity and in time becomes increasingly promiscuous. These and many other interesting data and reflections highlight the fact that there is no common American pattern of sexual conduct, but dozens of patterns characterizing various segments of our society. Furthermore, these particular patterns appear to be quite stable and to be adopted very early in the life of the individual. Thus there is little evidence to show any radical change in the behavior of two generations separated by an average of 22 years, despite the wailing of contemporary Jeremiahs. From the moralists' viewpoint, in some respects it has improved. Also, whatever one's leanings regarding the wholesomeness of life in the country as against the city, there is no confirmation from the data (incomplete) of this study which tend to reveal few material differences in the habits of present-day rural and city dwellers.

The study of the influence of religious background on sexual outlet is seriously hampered by insufficient coverage of the significantly different religious "cells." However, what indications there are seem to show Orthodox Jews to be sexually least active, with devout Catholics next, and active Protestants next. The most active group sexually are the non-practicing Catholics with non-practicing Protestants and Jews intermediate in the listing. Close religious affiliation to any denomination appears related to restricted sexual activity of all sources, but religious belief seems to be a far less important influence than that complexus of factors responsible for whether an individual finishes his education in grade school, high school, or college. It is not impossible, of course, that religion is one of these factors operating indirectly through the general ideals which it fosters in the various levels of society.

The third part of the book devotes chapters to the sources of sexual outlet, namely, auto-erotic, or heterosexual, within or outside marriage, or with men or other species. Here the authors are concerned with "interpretations of the data" already presented to a great extent in the second part of the book. It is this part of the book which abounds in the questionable feature, not unfound in the earlier portions, of including a multitude of comments, observations, conclusions, speculations, recommendations and other *obiter dicta* reflecting a great variety of areas of knowledge such as ethics, political philosophy, psychology (individual and social), anthropology (the facile generalizations of which the authors tend to accept rather uncritically), education, mental hygiene, psycholanalysis, penology, history of religions, history of morals, history of ancient peoples, anatomy, physiology, etc., etc. For example, it is significant that in this taxonomic study practically all the thirty-odd items of Catholic literature cited consist of moral treatises touching on sex. In general they are given fair and respectful although at times a little un-understanding treatment, as instanced in the discussion of the alleged Catholic doctrine regarding "nudity" which the authors do not relate to the more basic teaching on modesty.

It is gratifying to know that the authors are erudite men aware of the vast ramifications of their study, men who have brought broad learning to the comprehension and accomplishment of their task. But necessarily their incidental discussions are at best incomplete and unsatisfactory to specialists, when not definitely misleading and erroneous. They are, moreover, confusing to the general public which is unprepared to assay them critically; this is disturbing in view of the fact that the book has been near the top of the best-seller lists for weeks. The book brings to mind Darwin's "Origin of Species" which mixed science, philosophy, and theology in a most unwholesome fashion.

In addition to the difficulties just mentioned which can be eventually corrected by a series of evaluations by specialists of the many fields touched upon in the book, this study raises the fundamental problem of the antimony between prudence and scientific investigations of this sort. There is no doubt that many things discussed in the volume will prove inflammatory to some. But so are many works of pictorial art in the Vatican and illustrations in mail order catalogues. Yet it would be unreasonable to suppress these because they are a scandal to a few. Moreover, many of these items concern information essential to parents, teachers, jurists, clinicians, legislators, and just plain men and women entitled to know the facts about each other in an important area of human behavior. Some may say that the report reveals nothing that a priest would not know from one Saturday afternoon in the confessional. But then matters of confession are secret and statistics for public policy makers are not available from this source.

Despite its many defects, "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male" is a landmark. Professor Kinsey has answered many questions for his students and other people too. He also has raised more questions than he has answered. Some of the latter will be settled in the course of his researches and those of his associates which will profit no doubt by the constructive criticism stimulated by this first progress report. Others must be tackled by specialists of different sorts, notably by those concerned with the moral training of the young, unless one is to adopt Aristotle's attitude that it is impossible to teach morality to young men because their passions are too strong. Guardians of public morality, such as legislators, jurists, and officers of the law, might well reexamine current provisions and procedures in the light of the findings of the report. This is by no means an admission that anything in the report would tend to prove that basic Judaeo-Christian moral principles have been found wanting. It would be as reasonable to conclude that since man persists eternally in telling lies, we ought to abandon the moral code on this point and declare open season on falsehood. Chesterton's classic statement still holds true: "Christianity has not failed; it has not been tried." Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin have given us a bill of particulars regarding the sexual behavior of man, including his weaknesses. If anyone is dissatisfied with the picture, then he must at least welcome their facts as an aid to realistic and effective remedial programs.

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Books

Two Quiet Lives: Dorothy Osborne, Thomas Gray. Lord David Cecil. Bobbs. $3.00.

LORD DAVID CECIL is one of those admirable writers, not uncommon in England, who can speak impressively without raising his voice. It is a real pleasure to read him in these days of the radio and loud-speakers, when Wallace tries to outshout Winchell and Winchell tries to outshout Wallace. His prose has a rare distinction in a time when quiet is perhaps our greatest need. The present book, even as his previous books, comes amid the welter of noise like a quiescent isle surrounded by an ocean swept by thundering gales.

But the word "quiet" is a relative term. In the case of both Dorothy Osborne and Thomas Gray the word serves merely as a mask of decorum, imposed by an old civilization and an old culture. Some of us who are old enough to have seen a measure of this golden quiet ere it passed into oblivion before the hordes of war, depression and madness, still have some notion of the meaning of the word.

There were, in fact, in those days, lives far more quiet than the lives of the subjects of Lord David Cecil's biographical studies. They are quiet only in comparison with the lives of Genghis Khan, Stalin and some of our oft-wed movie stars. They are quiet only because they fitted into the framework of accepted mores, which forged their characters and gave them a wholeness, an integrity of sorts. Outwardly this lent dignity and serenity to the picture; inwardly they were held in by checks created by their culture, their religion, the paramount need for order and balance.

Yet to say that these lives were quiet would be stretching the point. To paraphrase the now familiar adage: Quiet is that quiet does. There was nothing of the sort in the life of Dorothy Osborne who for years agitated herself with her repeatedly frustrated love for Sir William Temple and whose life was made a burden by her family who, despite the remarkable revelation of constancy on the part of both, did their best to break up the match. There was, in particular, her obnoxious brother, Henry. This Colonel Henry Osborne, "the most formidable of all Temple's opponents," is described as a virtual fiend:

"From the fitful glimpses of his figure that flit across the pages of Dorothy's correspondence [which form the basis of David Cecil's study] . . . he emerges as an extremely difficult character; unbalanced, ungoverned and egotistic, an uneasy mixture of worldly cunning and uncontrolled impulses of passion."

His opposition was actuated "by a strange and obsessing love for Dorothy," and though he recognized marriage with someone as inevitable he was determined at all costs that it should not be for love. It must be realized that with such handicaps, following moreover the loss of the bulk of the family fortune due to Cromwell's wars, Dorothy's lot was by no means enviable. She suffered inner doubts and constant torments, so that in sheer desperation she broke off the engagement, which Temple, however, refused to accept, though he was as sorely tried as she was.

"Up to the very altar," we are told, "Temple was to remain the most agitated and Dorothy the most pessimistic of lovers." For marriage indeed came at last, and the preliminaries to it, legal and otherwise, were far from pleasant. As if all this were not enough, a week before her wedding she fell ill with small-pox. It was so serious a case that the doctors feared for her life. "Dorothy rose from her bed her beauty gone." At least in one respect Fortune served her well: "His love, like hers, was grounded on a securer foundation than the perishing red and white of mortal loveliness; on community of tastes, of views, of jokes, on an affinity of the soul."

Forty years they lived together before Temple died, and Swift was to extol her as a wife and person: "Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise and great." But even during this felicitous marriage misfortune did not spare her. Of the six children Dorothy bore to Temple, only one lived to grow up; and he—"the little Jack of whom she speaks so lovingly in her last letters—drowned himself in a fit of madness when he was twenty-one."

So much for the "quiet life" of seventeenth century Dorothy; she bore all her burdens as she bore the loss of Jack, in her own words, "as a Christian ought to do"; at least so she hoped. She did not live in a day when communism was the opiate of some people.

What of the quiet life in the eighteenth century as revealed here in David Cecil's study of the poet, Thomas Gray? The world knows too much of the circumstances of Gray's life for us to dwell on them. He too suffered —in his own fashion. For fear of poverty can be as devastating as the emotionalism of love. His friendship with Horace Walpole was not an unmixed blessing. Brothers intellectually, having a community of interest in their absorption in the arts, there was a chasm between them in the social sphere, all the greater because of the difference in the characters, partly at least due to their divergent environments. Walpole was the son of the rich Prime Minister of England; Gray was the insignificant son of a warehouse keeper, "only admitted into these exalted circles because he was Walpole's friend. To anyone nervously proud as he was, this must produce a painful sense of inferiority."

It was inevitably, perhaps, that things should have come to a head during the Grand Tour the pair took together. They were "a touchy, huffy, critical pair, quickly irritated, quickly bored, agonizingly conscious of every shade in each other's moods, and sharp to detect any failings in another person, however fond they might be of him. In addition, Walpole had much of the easy inconsiderateness and unconscious arrogance of the young patrician that he was; while Gray suffered from a middle-class readiness to suspect slights and then take solemn offence at them." Worst of all, Gray knew, and Walpole knew, that Walpole was paying for him.

The explosion finally came. Gray, outraged by what he considered his companion's selfishness and triviality, told him exactly what he thought of him. "Peppery Walpole was not the man to stand this; and from Gray, of all people. Sharply he would remind Gray of his dependent position." Nothing more was needed to send the deeply hurt poet off in a huff. And he was hurt, because he was defenseless, and felt strongly. To the credit of Walpole it should be said that he later made amends. Nothing could be handsomer than his taking the blame upon himself: "I treated him insolently: he loved me and I did not think he did."

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There is a suggestion of disquiet about Gray as about Dorothy Osborne; after all David Cecil may have intended to have his title taken ironically. What quiet there is, is to be found in the author's prose, which is uniformly distinguished, with all the perturbation underneath. His prose is quiet, and telling.

And, by the way, has any one ever pondered on the dynamic power of quiet? It may astonish some readers to learn that Gray's "Elegy," for example, helped no little, in translation, to inspire the Golden Age of Russian poetry in the early nineteenth century.

JOHN COURNOS.

American Building. James Marston Fitch. H. M. Co. $5.00.

A COMBINATION of not very mellow attractions and repulsions, and a presentation that seems to come out of a WAA public address system make "American Building" strike the innocent public—at least one part of the public—like a 372 page scolding. The author seems terribly determined to mold American architecture, and past and future history, and his stubborn readers, into the prickly forms of an enthusiastic but not fully precipitated "social consciousness." The doctrinaire characteristics of the work spur the reader, but limit the book by leading into blind alleys and contradictions and unconvincing rationalizations, and into disappointment that much of the ample evidence and more direct appreciation and taste of the author does not carry through to the fruition or exploitation which appear possible.

The first seven chapters, 143 pages, are history of American construction—technical, architectural and social. The first pages, disclosing the continuity with Europe and the effect of colonial conditions, is the most productive of this. But even here, before 1776, we get for "the Classic": "Always a vehicle of progress, the Classic had become an instrument of outright revolution." Mr. Fitch is already self-consciously out gunning in the esthetic woods for a "democratic" art and architecture. The new republic rises with the two influences, not yet integrated, of pre-industrial handicraft economy and of nineteenth century industrialism and technology. The Roman style was progress, until, perversely, it grew Napoleonic; and then the Greek Revival was progress when northern, but, perversely, retrograde down South. Chapter Four covers "1840-1860: The Schism" . . . between "esthetic and technical standards which has characterized American building ever since."

Continuing with excellent photographs and with instructive, while no less polemical prose, the story goes ahead through "The Golden Leap" (the bridge and the tower: new iron and steel work), and "1860-1893: The Great Victorians," and "1893-1933: Eclipse," to the eighth chapter, "1933-1945: American Building at the Crossroads." This chapter starts the more analytic and less historical part of the work, whose interest lies principally in the technical potentialities described—a slick paper version of a brave new world's synthetic environment control: exciting, but very costly for so much social conscience, and not spiritually reassuring. There are three chapters at the end summarizing and orientating the generous material: "Plan, the Instrument of Policy," "The Production of Buildings" (with some particularly good points and distinctions on the housing problem), and "Toward a Democratic Esthetic."

An outsider's summary of so encyclopedic a job as this one is bound to distort it and to leave out much of its interest and value, but the author insists on a kind of facile, fighting unity, so it may not be unfair to make an effort. Mr. Fitch establishes historically and logically, if not startlingly, that building is a social act, laden with social-economic-political meaning. He convinces a normal reader, I believe, that building and style ought to be *functional,* that form must follow purpose and use, which utilize nature and science and invention and skill as fully and intelligently as possible. As a description or as a fact, however, functional is not enough for a building. The author admits, rather than affirms this, but the frankness of his recognition, although it is vague ("sentiment" and "symbols" are missing), is winning, because it does not seem to fit in with the principal stream of his rhetoric. The development of good and beautiful planning and building is frustrated by economic and social conditions and by numerous lags, contradictions, sabotages and wastes. A wonderful "democratic" building and style is blocked.

At this point Mr. Fitch seems in a great hurry. In the first place, he leaves out any autonomous esthetic problem. Then he writes as though he believes that the exorcising of an unidentified "capitalism" would make all well. At the same time, he accepts, and glorifies, the modern factory. He evidently accepts centralized mass production and distribution, infinite specialization and "differentiation," the removal of production from consumption, the cutting up of life into factory, dormitory, relaxation point—generally, all the separateness and abstraction and materialism of the current system: the works, except for the ownership. "The factory is the crucial building of our society. It is the factory which at once makes possible and necessary all the rich variety of modern American building. . . ." But the whole book points to cumulative failure with the factory's growth, despite the richest means and most talented initiatives and handsome ancestry. Then, in a crucial section (rather contemptuously entitled "Good Taste and the Populace") he capably explains: "Under the handicraft method of production for use there is no such thing as bad taste; popular standards cannot be corrupted or debased. . . . In such societies, esthetic standards are constantly disciplined by the production method itself. . . . Designer, producer and consumer are one and the same person. There is consequently neither incentive nor opportunity for adulteration of workmanship and design. . . . Under modern industrial capitalism, the relationship is quite disrupted. The design process is separated from that of fabrication. It is put into the hands of a very small group of specialists who, by the same token, are isolated from the work and the workmen. Since production is no longer for use, the entire production process is subjected to the remorseless pressure of the profit motive. . . ."

The reader is impelled to continue and add up his own critique, although the author's is a good one. The reader should also question how much of his criticism is actually dependent *only* upon the profit and "capitalist" elements of the complex. Mr. Fitch does not undertake to isolate the profit-capitalism part from the centralized-industrialism whole. Much of the beating he gives capitalism rightly falls on the entire back of the mass industrialism he briskly praises. Refusing to look at the distributist criticism, and evidently unmoved by protest

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against the materialism and boredom of the various waves of the present, Mr. Fitch descends to increasing abstraction and facile optimism: "Today, the base of the democratic [meaning, naturally, 'good'] esthetic is of necessity the factory." Three tendencies are said to point to the happy future: "native common sense," and "the idealistic demand for a way of life in which artistic imagination and intuition could play upon and fertilize the bare facts of material existence" (how condescendingly offered, and partial, and how suspiciously as if upside down!) and, thirdly, "the rationalism of the so-called International style."

Finally, after further progressive abstraction, the book terminates at about the last station of evasion: "To free American building from the contradictions which paralyze it today, building designer and building consumer must join with all Americans of good will in building a society of peace, freedom, and plenty. In doing so they will inevitably lay the basis for a flowering, rich and wide, of a truly democratic esthetic." Mr. Fitch's "American Building" carries much information. It tells apppreciatively and helpfully the work of many of the country's finest builders. It sets up vigorously a construction of many interlocking problems. But its propagandistic belaboring of an undefined scapegoat, "capitalism," along with its superstitious glorification of a neverland "industrialism," creates a sense of unreality, and finally, of disappointment. His energy, interest and knowledgeability should take a reader farther, and without so much impatient prodding. Perhaps they would do so if he struggled harder against being stylish, and if he looked at factories with the same critical skepticism with which he observes the place and houses of the factory owners.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

The Prevalence of Witches. Aubrey Menen. Scribners. $2.75.

FOR ALL who want not only to escape from, but somewhere to escape to, Limbo is highly recommended. Nor is it so remote; right on this planet, the Federated States of Limbo, which on the map are "as beautifully round as blank" and consist of six hundred miles of clumsy hills and jungle, are in India. Once a year, during the annual visit of a British official, Limbo becomes part of the British Empire (presumably, since August 15th last, part of the British Commonwealth—not that the Limbodians would care). Mr. Menen, who writes in the first person (and, indeed, this enchanting and quite obvious veracious fragment from an autobiography is most erroneously called fiction) was appointed education officer in Limbo, and when he got there, found the place overrun with a plague of witches.

Mr. Menen, being half-English and half-Irish, can put himself perfectly in the shoes of the Limbodian who, finding his wife disporting herself with a lover, goes off at once and hangs the local witch up by her heels to make her remove the spell: it is simply cussed of the witch to die under the beating, and makes her the more dangerous. Catullus, the British official, who talks as though dictating to an invisible stenographer who had set herself to break the world's record in her profession, understands and sympathises too, and their efforts to save the murderer from the atheist judge (who doesn't believe in witches) are as hilariously funny as anything in fiction. Bay Leavis, the Manichean, the Swami, who, summoned by telegram to play a trick to convince the judge, works a miracle and convinces himself, Catullus's awful wife, who is the worst witch of all, the sad American missionary and the various natives, are all not only really funny, but also some of the most enchanting people in any pages. Here is the most serious wit since Saki wrote of Clovis and his companions; indeed, only the "Reminiscences of an Irish RM" can be compared for local color and custom. But there is enough profound observation and philosophy here to make this not merely a funny, witty, brilliant book, but easily the most successful novel on India since Mr. Forster's classic. Mr. Menen has danced in where all the earnest, grievance-ridden young Left-wing Indian writers have fallen, ham-footed; he has illuminated the strange, lowering, horridly grim, Indian scene with the light it needed most: humor. Probably never before has anyone written a book which evaded nothing, nor the cruelty, nor the class-consciousness, nor the color-bar, nor the East-West antagonisms, yet which genuinely laughs at, and with, them all. Nor is he a sadist, like Evelyn Waugh; who hates the human race: Mr. Menen's charity is as universal as his sense of fun. This is one of the best tales told in a long time, a book to be put into absolutely every hand, as better than the best of spring tonics.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The Intellectual Life. A. D. Sertillanges. Translated by Mary Ryan. Newman. $3.00.

THIS *vade mecum* for the Catholic scholar, translated from the revised French edition, presents in a clear, readable way, the aim and conditions of the intellectual life. The author, who knows this life from his own experience as a Thomistic commentator, emphasizes that it is a vocation, a sacred call that imposes grave obligations upon those who resolve to follow it. It requires a wholehearted love for Truth; it requires, too, a staunch adherence to a "rule of life" that will weave into a single controlling purpose the scattered threads of daily activities. Sertillanges shows that by an asceticism analogous to that of the spiritual life, the intellectual must create within himself a zone of silence and a habit of renunciation and detachment which will put him entirely at the disposal of the work. The organization of time, the place to be given to general culture and to a special field; to contacts with others and to the solitude essential for study; to prayer, to work, and to play—these and other problems of the intellectual worker are constructively treated here.

Sertillanges writes understandingly of the temptations that the scholar may meet, particularly that of sloth, which shrinks from effort and employs endless ruses to keep a man from working. To those not yet schooled in the rigorous discipline of the intellectual life, the author points out both the need of courage in difficulties and the rewarding joy that comes in the "moments of plenitude."

This book is rich in suggestions for every intellectual worker. It should prove especially helpful to those Catholic graduate students who wish to bridge the gap between a student's life and a scholar's life. If they see, with Sertillanges, the meaning of the intellectual vocation, they may also have the courage to continue the work they have begun.

BEATRICE H. ZEDLER.

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Travel and Books

With the resumption of regular issues of The Commonweal, it appears that the chief editorial casualty of the recent compositors' labor dispute was a series of letters from readers about opinions expressed in February and early March issues of the magazine. And now The Commonweal continues with its immediate publishing program.

Next week is our first special Travel Number. It is to be under the general editorship of Miss Ernestine Evans, who will contribute her observations on the present state of tourism in the United States and the world and an evaluation of the latest guide and travel books with their usefulness in planning trips.

Three weeks hence (May 14) is the annual Spring Book Number, which will feature such authors as J. F. Powers, Eric Gill, David Burnham and G. B. Harrison. There will also be an annotated, critical list of the season's leading books, special feature reviews and a number of publishers' announcements.

Your trial subscription, sent in today, will include both special numbers.

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Send For Miss Cora. Charley Robertson. Reynal. $3.00.

"SEND For Miss Cora" is a first novel by Charley Robinson who was born in Kentucky, and after his ramblings had carried him all over the nation, came to live once more in the tobacco country, and in the mountains for four of the most interesting years of his life. It is a book about people who might have lived in the tobacco country, and about the forces of law and order, whose torch and faggot were symbols of righteousness.

Miss Cora is a woman of thirty-four whose daughter was half as old as she. And with her daughter, she occasionally answered the call to the home of Bayless Calhoun, the community powerhouse of respect and goodness, for whom Miss Cora did the housekeeping chores in a self-effacing manner, remaining always the "old" woman with a young face that neither the children nor the grown-ups understood thoroughly.

Along the same road traveled seventeen-year-old Lennie Bogard who never forgot the night he found his still warm father lying dead in the grass, the Night Riders having done their work. Three years had passed, and Lennie continued to watch for the man on the gray horse, and the rest who were on hand whenever a man was taken to the woods to be whipped, his barn burned to the ground or his plant bed scraped. His father had violated the rules of the game, probably sold tobacco to the big companies for less, or planted when he was told not to plant. The Night Riders were regulators.

So the book boiled down to the boy's feeble quest for the guilty man of the mask and the grey horse, who killed his father. In his unhappy, uncharted world, the lad believed, also, that he was in love with Miss Cora. In the end, Miss Cora told him who killed his father and how unhappy he would be on learning the truth. Lennie made no rash decision. He just faded away, waiting for the freight train that would take him out of the land of sorrows, a little farther west into the country of Missouri where his friends had moved in search of better times.

This book will make good reading for people interested in the plight of the mountain and valley clans in the half-alive South. GEORGE STREATOR.

The Boiling Point. Richard Brooks. Harper. $2.75.

SEX, POLITICS and a lot of hard-boiled characters who talk and act tough are the main ingredients of this novel. And there is a great deal of discussion about the common man and the land, with shorter digressions about anti-Semitism and other topics that are very much in the fore today.

The point, toward which the plot moves first with bubbles and later with boiling enthusiasm, is the big election in the town of Crowell in southwestern U.S.A. At first our hero, a big bruiser whose energy is likened to an unharnessed dynamo, is standoffish about lining up with the liberals against the corrupt politicians who have been pushing around the little people for some time. Even our hero's gal can't persuade him. But when an organization of Vets, who follow the corrupt politicians somewhat to the latter's embarrassment, brutally lynches our hero's best friend, then our unharnessed dynamo throws his energy into the battle. It's a losing fight, but it will go on long after this story's big finale. All is not hopeless for the little man.

I am sure that Richard Brooks, whose last novel "The

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Brick Foxhole" was made into the good movie called "Crossfire," is really on the right side of the fight; but I am not sure that this novel does the liberal cause much good. In an effort to be crudely frank about sex, the author clinically analyzes people as if they were animals; and the result is so steeped in cynicism that his characters never emerge as real people.

For its writing, "The Boiling Point" is a disappointment, except in occasional flashes of brilliance as in Brooks's penetrating chapter on how Crowell got the way it is, and in the moving description of the massacre of the share croppers. But as a plot for a movie, this novel, with considerable cleaning up and changing, could be visualized in forceful cinema. The studio that buys it will of course be sticking its neck out. Since the Hollywood investigation, producers, alas, are not looking for stories in which political leaders are looked upon with suspicion. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Carola. Felix C. Forrest. Duell. $3.00.

FELIX C. FORREST'S "Carola" is the story of Carola Lainger told in a series of flashbacks to vividly remembered Novembers. After a slow start in Galesburg, the story begins to develop interest about the time Carola goes away to school and Professor MacGregor Andrews tells her that she is "strange, queer, crazy, wrong, doomed." She mistakingly decides that she is a Lesbian. Potentially dramatic situations multiply when Carola gets mixed up with the young communists in the university, has an unhappy love affair with the radical Ugo Antonini, marries the Chinese Carson Ding out of spite, takes part in an abortive communist revolution in Yungchow, and settles down in China in an unsuccessful, fourteen-year attempt to become Chinese. Shortly before Pearl Harbor she is broadcasting propaganda for the Japanese in Shanghai.

The best and biggest part of the book is the Chinese episode. Although its action moves at about the speed of a rickshaw, it sheds a bright light on the vast, sprawling country of the rice paddies whose people have been developing their mentality and mores for thousands of years.

The story is not nearly so exciting as one would expect it to be, considering that nearly all the situations are sensational. A certain loss of dramatic force seems inevitable in a novel that depends upon flashbacks and uses the stream-of-consciousness technique. But the principal reason why the story is less gripping than it might be is Carola's lack of depth, color, and intensity of character and her lack of heart. She is too negative. Incapable of any great emotion, she has countless aches but no ecstasies. Even her murder of her Chinese husband, committed at his own earnest insistence, is as mild and unemotional as blowing out a candle. Readers will regret that Mr. Forrest did not portray a character more worthy of his unquestionable talent. BONAVENTURE SCHWINN

Wild Flower Guide: Northeastern and Midland United States. Edgar T. Wherry. Illustrated by Tabea Hofman. Doubleday. $3.00.

A WELL illustrated (for looks and clarity), and easy to use pocket (large pocket, as usual) field guide, authoritative scientifically, and not overwhelming in the number of varieties presented. It is sponsored by The Wild Flower Preservation Society. Perhaps disturbingly seasonable this season, but a good thing to have.

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The Inner Forum

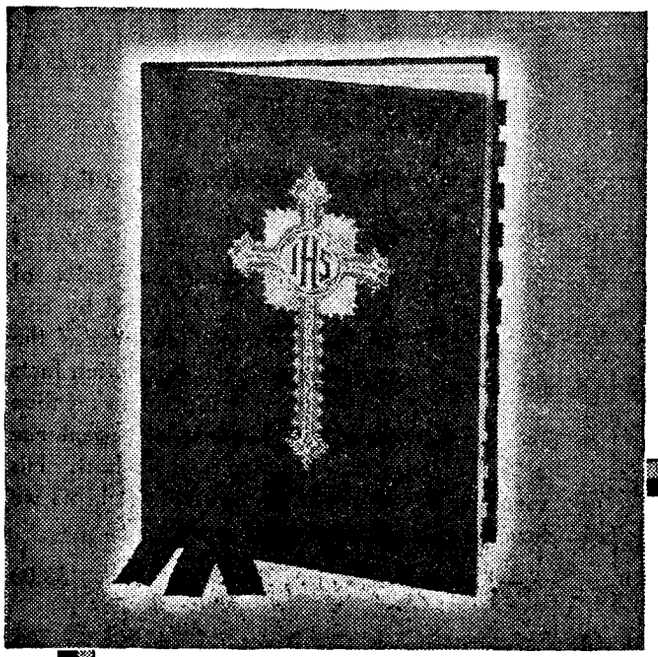
THE MONKS of Our Lady of Gethsemani, Trappist, Kentucky, have recently brought out an illustrated booklet describing their silent way of life. Interest in the community has accelerated to such an extent recently that two new houses have been founded.

"The Cistercian travels to mystical union with God by the way of the common life, the way of special perfection and purification that is offered by the life of men living together in poverty under a common superior who holds in their regard the place of Christ Himself. To anyone who has read the Rule of Saint Benedict it is evident that this is simply the application of that Rule to the exigencies of the contemplative life in all its purity . . . "

"For the Cistercian way to contemplation is to purify the soul of the monk by the characteristically cenobitic virtues: obedience, humility, fraternal charity . . . "

Each religious order has its own special function and William of St. Thierry, a twelfth century Cistercian, defined the contemplative vocation: "It is for others to *serve* God: your vocation is to be *united to Him.* It is for others to believe in God, know Him, love Him, pay Him reverence: *but your vocation is to taste His sweetness by experience, to understand Him and know Him as He is, and possess Him in the union of perfect love.*"

The time for rising is 2 A.M. on normal days, and 1 A.M. on feast days; the first prayer in choir is the little office of the Blessed Virgin, followed by a half hour's meditation and Matins and Lauds. About 4 in the morning the priests say their private Masses and other members of the community receive Communion. At 5:30 there is Prime (followed by a conventual Low Mass on feast days). Then after a sermon or explanation of the Rule in Chapter, there is breakfast. (But "in Lent all fast except the sick.") There are two-hour sessions of work in the fields both mornings and afternoons. Dinner is served at 11:30 A.M., in winter also a light collation at 5:15. The monks retire at 7 o'clock.



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